


1917

The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1917 -- Vol. 39, No. 01

Phi Sigma

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Phi Sigma
Voice

1917

T H E V O I C E

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF PHI SIGMA.

Volume 39

No. 1.

PUBLISHED AT THE UPPER POLE OF THE CELESTIAL HORIZON, AND DESCENDING ANNUALLY INTO THE PURE ETHER OF OAK PARK, OR UPON CERTAIN STRATA OF CHICAGO'S MUGGINESS, SOME HAPPY TIME AFTER YULE-TIDE FESTIVITIES.

E D I T O R I A L

The 1917 "VOICE" is very much gratified to be able to greet PHI SIGMAS, old and new. The H. C. L. for a time threatened to make it impossible to procure a new dress in which to appear. But so many interested people have been saving and selling old papers that the shortage of this precious commodity has been materially reduced, making it possible to present "THE VOICE" in a choice, artistic, brand new dress of the ultra fashionable type.

The responsibility for this number has been impartially borne by the members of the triple editorship. A third part of "ye editors" is by this time motoring through Sunny Dixie Land, and correspondence from that quarter is held over for the next issue.

To the staff of contributors is due the high grade of excellence maintained on these pages.

To the fact that "THE VOICE" is a composite voice, and not that of one individual we must attribute its wonderful quality. No single person could achieve such a result. But by combination, preserving the best of each, we produce a "VOICE"

that for tonal points is nothing short of marvellous. Here we have power, delicacy, pathos, brilliancy and withal a rich and varied coloring, in news, practical suggestions, correspondence, fashion notes, poetry, fiction, and literary and dramatic reviews, (Aside) Our reader^s will conclude we have struck high "C" in the prices quoted in the advertising pages!

But the Muse muses, Pegasus strikes his hoof, plumes his wings and we must be up and away!

Kellie Good Schneider

ANONYMOUS MUSINGS

"On the 32nd day of the 13th month,

And the 8th day of the week,

On the 25th hour and the 61st minute,

We shall find all things that we seek.

They are THERE, in the limbo of Lillipop Land,

(A cloud island resting on air,)

On the nowhere side of the mount of mist

In the valley of Over There.

On the nowhere side of the mount of mist

In the valley of Over There

On a solid foundation of vapor and cloud

Are palaces grand and fair,

And THERE'S where our dreams will all come true,

And the seeds of hope will grow,

For THERE the old men will never lament,

And the babies never will squeak,

At the cross roads corner of Chaosville

In the country of Hide and Go Seek.

At the crossroads corner of Chaosville

In the country of Hide and Go Seek,

On the 32nd day of the 13th month,

And the 8th day of the week,
We shall DO all the things that we want to do,
And accomplish whatever we try,
On the sunset shore of Sometime or Other,
By the beautiful Bay of Bime By"

*

CURRENT EVENTS.

I suspect the mean raisin (main reason) the writer was selected to give a seven minute paper on currant (current) events was because of his knowledge of the fancy grocery business.

By the way, have you noted the price of eggs? First Family variety, 75 cents per dozen; strictly fresh, 60 cents; hotel kind, 45 cents; boarding house candled, 35 cents and so on down the scale. Judging from the size of our grocery bills, we must be among the F. F.'s. Small wonder eggs are high; for at the recent poultry show whistling ducks and fur bearing chickens were exhibited. Why not egg laying hens?

It has been reported that a train consisting of forty five carloads of potatoes with private bodyguard is coming in pomp to Chicago from Colorado. The potato Pullman is valued at twenty five thousand dollars. They are provided with all the comforts a potato requires to be happy and are solicitously attended. The well known saying "some pumpkins" can now be changed to "some potatoes".

A cablegram from the Minister of Agriculture says that the English Government is seriously considering the prohibiting of the planting of mustard seed this year, saying that the land ought to be used to grow wheat. Ladies of Phi Sigma, please lay in a year's supply of ground mustard for we do like a little in our salads.

Speaking of the H. C. of L. (high cost of living) did you note the advance in your Champagne bill for the past holidays over former seasons? If so, keep it - Mumm.

Time to file your Income Tax schedule.

We read much in the papers these days about "War Brides". I wonder how they act! Mine has always been on a peace footing.

"Thought it is the easiest of tasks to get Tom Lawson to talk, it is next to impossible to get him to say anything". "He is acting as if he had another book on Frenzied Finance in his system".

Is the leak going to be a blow-out?

"It is reported that Col. Roosevelt will not go to any strange land to hunt. He will stay in the United States and hunt trouble".

"Edmund Burke remarked that he knew of no way to draw up an indictment against a whole people, but between the Colonel and Tom Lawson, very few people in the United States remain unindicted".

Geo. W. Perkins, a leader in the Progressive Party is hurling defiance anew at the old guard, protesting against the election of John T. Adams as vice chairman of the Republican National Committee. When asked what could be done if the Committee does not make the adjustment demanded by the Progressives, Mr. Perkins replied; "I can only refer you to the old song we used to sing in our church choir. "Lead, Kindly Light, one step enough for me".

We might add, "Watch your step, George".

The late Mr. Hughes, finally, sent his congratulations to President Wilson. Better late than never.

Mr. Fairbanks at this moment is almost as inconspicuous as he would be if he had been elected Vice-President.

Publication and distribution of suffrage literature has been a paying proposition, according to a statement issued by the National Woman's Suffrage Publishing Company. The board of directors has declared a dividend of 3 per cent. We think it better keep the money to buy shoes for the White House Sentinels. Dr. Mary Walker does not believe the suffragists will gain their point by present tactics.

Pants for women!

Historian Henry Cabot Lodge, United States Senator, is said to have been cut out of the list of acquaintances of Historian Woodrow Wilson, President. For full particulars of the affair, see later issues of epoch making volumes by these two eminent historians.

"Emperor William after reading the allies peace terms exclaimed, "What a nerve!

Has Jim Clinton shown you his book of samples for spring? Mostly black and white stripes. We wonder whether it is because colors are hard to obtain from Germany or is he in mourning for the allies?

Will Niles is getting some first hand information these days about an automobile. It's a Dodge, but Will acknowledged he could not dodge an Island of Safety on the Boulevard the other day. We understand his wife is going to learn to drive after Will has mastered the machine. By that time she will be too old.

We have several "up to the minute" real estate men in our club. One - Schneider, turned a church building into a box factory, recently.

Speaking of real estate deals, has Mr. Funk spoken to you about his Beach Property near Cocoonut Grove, Fla.? A Palm Tree and a view of the Atlantic Ocean thrown in with every lot. Better select your future winter home at once before Clarence sells all the choice sites.

Our esteemed fellow member, A. F. Allen, has accepted a position in Cleveland. We shall miss him and his family. If any of our Chicago friends wish to shake off the noisesome atmosphere of the Great City, Lon'smhouse will make them a delightful home. For price, particulars, and terms enquire of Ida Mershow Allen. She takes the cash.

The first robin of the season was discovered by Dr. Corwin among the branches of his apple tree. This happened before the storm of Saturday night. We presume now the harbinger of spring has sought shelter under the eaves of the City Hall.

Oh carmine, thy brilliant hue!
 How Doctor Newell sighs for you;
 Of neckties, he's laid in a store
 For fear the Germans will send no
 (more.

Did you prefer Galli-Curci to Mary Garden?

Wonder why Mary never changed her name; it is so earthy, while some think her divine.

I overheard a conversation between Mrs. Funk and Mr. Rundell, our Club Treasurer. She was asking how the Club finances stood. Possibly she was thinking of engaging some Grand Opera Stars for our May Festival.

A young miss in High School recently said to her friend; "Did you know that Jack London had died"?, but never having read the "Call of the Wild" she asked, "Was he in our study hall?"

At a recent Civil Service examination for Chicago Police force, one of the questions asked was, "Name the different police districts and their locations". One of the sergeants, in answering this question, said the thirty-seventh precinct, Cragin, is "a mile outside Cook county. I know, because I traveled beat there." Another sergeant wrote on his paper that he "might be deficient in his knowledge of Chicago's points of interest, but he could name the four provinces of Ireland and the thirty-two counties, beginning with Belfast in the north."

A Young lady recently went into a State Street Store and enquired "Where can I get a rosary? the clerk replied, "Sixth floor, in the enthusiastic department.

A tailor on West Twelfth St. recently hung out a sign Moses Murphy Kolinsky. A policeman, on his beat, nothing the oddity, went in to the shop and remarked to the proprietor, "I can understand the connection of Moses with Kolinsky but why Murphy"? "Vell, I put dat in for prodexion", replied Mose.

On Sunday, I remarked to a Lake St. crossing guard, "Well, this is a stormy morning". He replied, "Yes, this is good ammonia weather".

A dispatch from Umatilla, Oregon reports that Mrs. Laura J. Starcher was successful in the Municipal election, defeating her husband, the retiring Mayor. Some laundress!

"Pome" dedicated^{to}/Chicago:

City Beautiful, City Fair
Who's who, they don't care.
Her well known Motto, "I Will"
Entirely o'erlooked, by Big Bill.
On Education it is bent
Tho the School Board is always
(rent.
High opportunities wherein to
(make good
Through evil influences are oft
(withstood.
Bath house John and Hinkey Dink,
Two good aldermen, I don't think.
Policemen, who accept big graft,
Live States Attorney to upset the
(craft.
Belching chimneys that always
(smoke,
City inspectors who are never
(broke.
Dancing clubs and cabarets,
Always enticing country jays.
Yellow taxies that sometime skid,
One o'clock cafes that tilt the lid.

Women murderers are never convicted,
Male jurors should be restricted.
The Drainage Canal is simply great,
City sewerage polutes the State.
Bubbly Creek is standing still,
Forget its orders? You never will.
Loop the loop for half an hour,
It costs a nickel, O, what power!
Surface lines are sure a jest,
Strap hanging priveleges are its best.
Carless subways as yet unbuilt,
O'er which there's been many a tilt.

Electrification is now in the air,
The I C 'll do it, don't despair.
City paving, rocky and rough,
Motoring over it is very tough.
Hurry! Hurry!, you are too slow,
Even the wind, how it doth blow.

Billy Sunday is coming to town,
Hit the trail, sin to down.

Oh, City Beautiful, Oh City Fair!
Who's who? We do care.
We highly esteem thy motto, "I Will"
And with all thy faults, love thee
(still.

C. B. Crandell.

RHYMES
of
WHYNESS))

I wonder why the meals don't taste
Like those that Mother made;
Why bread and jam and doughnuts seem
Of a much lower grade.
I wonder why I do not ask
With gusto, as of yore,
For a renewal of supplies,
Ejaculating "More!"

I wonder why old ladies are,
Like hen's teeth, hard to find.
Where have they gone? I'm quite disturbed,
Quite troubled in my mind.
Once bonnets, spectacles, and shawls
Were quite a stock in trade,-
'Tis so no more,- Grandmother's gone,
Gone also the Old Maid

I wonder why the boys and girls
Have fallen far below
The standard that prevailed , well, say-
Some thirty years ago!
It makes me sad to have them spurn
The old-time "spelling-bee"
Why don't they do the things that gave
Such keen delight to me?

3

I wonder why I'm not disturbed
By headlines in the press,
By editorial shrieks and wails
And forecasts of distress.
Why, when the yellows cry "Beware,"
And "Shame" in accents wild,
I seek my bed, and slumber there
Just like a little child.

I wonder why the poets and
The essayists profound
Don't make me humbly beat my head
Against the very ground.
Why do I sit 'neath eloquence
So dummylike, "blase"-
Is it my fault, or is it theirs-
Who's wise enough to say?

I wonder why insurance men
No longer frighten me,
Why doctors' verdicts so profound
I hear quite merrily.
Why lawyers with their pondrous briefs
Seem negligible quite.
I must be hardened, hopeless, lost,
To gods and men a sight!

As Alice felt in Wonderland
So feel I that my lot
Is most confused, or has some fiend
Devised a deadly plot?
Or, like fair Alice, shall I find
Life's puzzle just a dream,
And 'wake some day to find things are
Much better than they seem?

J.A.Jenkins-

Pyramus and Thisbe up to Date

That Pyramus B. Brown should have resided in a west side apartment off Kedzie Avenue separated only by a wall from the equally unputentious flat occupied by the Joneses whose daughter Thisbe was then in High School may have been accidental or it may have been another instance of history repeating itself. Suffice it that the mutual affection of these young people increased no faster than the disaffection of their immediate ancestors. Strange that parents fairly cognizant of actual life as well as with that depicted in the movies to which dissipation both families were addicted should not have discovered that love, like many another plant is stimulated by an occasional dash of cold water. In short their opposition to the further acquaintance of the pair was the very dash of cold water that fanned the flame of love which should pierce the brick wall of opposition that rose Phoenix-like upon the ruins of the parents' displeasure. The metaphor got mixed but the author believes that enough space has been given to the presentation and is glad to hurry on.

No janitor of a Chicago flat would consent to a hole in the wall between the apartments through which in Shakespeare's thought "the fearful lovers are to whisper." Recourse must be had therefore to that already trite stage device of explanation, the telephone, with apology withheld only because in this instance it is a wireless telephone — the wireless telephone shall we say set up by the young brothers of the hero and heroine for their own amusement but used by the lovers first to exchange sweet whispered

nothing, and later emboldened by their quickening love to arrange a tryst.

It may have been Thibe who suggested the meeting. If so it was Pyramus who selected a spot in what the Chicago Evening Post is pleased to call "that old New England village west of Chicago" - namely Oak Park, as being the quintessence of quiet respectability. More specifically the lovers arranged to meet the next Friday evening at those picturesque church fire ruins on Lake Street sometimes known as Barton's Abbey.

The dramatic necessity - and here again the author with humble apologies steps out of the story to explain that he knows nothing of the technique of short story writing, and that climax, receding force, premonitory allusions etcetera mean nothing in his sweet young life - the dramatic necessity of getting each one out of the house presents no difficulty. It's about the only thing in the story that doesn't present a difficulty. By the time that Pyramus at the supper table has announced his intention of going to the Imperial to see "the only flesh and blood actors on the west side" in "Why Girls Leave Home" Thibe has dressed to go, as she avers to see Nazimova in "War Brides" followed by "Where are my Children".

Instead Thibe takes the Oak Park Elevated to Oak Park Avenue and arrives at the trysting spot early. Now all the old Greek tragedies, one of whom the story of Pyramus was which - or better of which it was one of whom - all such tragedies had a comic relief. No little unconscious humor lurks in the assumption that one might use the Oak Park Elevated and get anywhere on time - not to say ahead of time. The thought is more than comic - it is farcical.

But how in Oak Park - I mean how would one get around in Oak Park except by elevated unless he took a taxi which is too commonplace - or used the surface cars which run Tuesdays and Fridays.

The action must not drag. Thisbe arrives - waits - takes out her vanity box, tucks her new diamond engagement ring in the corner of the box for safety, looks in the mirror at her face lighted by the moon and the corner electric light - dabs her nose with powder - hears a noise behind her - starts - drops her beauty parlor outfit to be suddenly confronted by a policewoman who insists that she go over to the municipal building to explain her presence among the ruins. In vain does Thisbe attempt to explain - the female cop is insistent. In vain likewise is the objection that Oak Park hasn't any policewomen. Why hasn't she? Possibly after this tall game circulation she may acquire several individuals of this more deadly species. Many a reform has come about through fiction. Why not this one?

Exit Thisbe and the "cop" - on stage vanity box - pale moonlight - powder puff - background church ruins.

Soon Pyramus hurries in a little late but hoping that Thisbe will be later still so that he can act the injured innocent. He soon sees and recognizes the vanity box and puff. Has he not seen her make use of them at nickel shows, in restaurants, in school and even in church? No mistake. Thisbe has "been and gone" Has harm come to her? No - perish the thought - this is in Oak Park! Nothing ever happens in Oak Park thinks he. [The author expressly disclaims responsibility for opinions put forth by his characters]

Pyramus strongly suspects that Thisbe to punish him

for being late has played a trick on him. But would she go without her powder puff - would any girl?

Musingly he fingers the box, opens it to put the powder puff in and starts as she sees the engagement token he so lately placed on her finger. Ah - has she taken this casual method of returning his gift and of declaring that all is over between them. There can be no doubt that she knew he would find it and understand. Mechanically he shoved the box into his pocket and started toward the street. Quite as mechanically he signalled a passing car and made his way to the front platform. Life had ceased to interest him. As the car neared the Desplaines there even came to his mind a silly threat he had once made during a lover's quarrel to jump into the river. Silly - yes then but now why not? What was life without Thirbe? As the car reached the bridge he got out. Then came - as so often there comes to a distraught mind - a tiny irrelevant detail to shift the center of gravity of his decisions. What should he do with the ring? If he should leave it in the box on the parafet someone might steal it and Thirbe would never know of his untimely death. If he were to put the ring on his little finger - which he could just do - they who found his lifeless body would see it and know - know what? - that he was buying it on installments and had \$27.50 yet to pay? Or should he throw box and ring into the water before he took the fatal plunge?

A noise made him turn and he ran to the farther end of the bridge, crouching in the shadows, to allow

another west bound car to pass. Instead the car stopped⁽⁵⁾ and Thibe - of all persons, stepped out.

The lady cop had ushered Thibe away so hurriedly that for the moment she forgot her engagement ring tucked in the corner of her vanity box. When she did think of it she was so overcome that when questioned as to her name, address and phone number she had not the wit to give anything but the correct information. As soon then as she was directed to a Lake Street car bound for home her already anxious father was phoned as to her whereabouts.

But Thibe had no intention of going home just then. When out of sight of the municipal building she turned and almost ran back to retrieve her vanity box and diamond. It was gone!

Surely no thief would have discovered a tiny box in this sequestered spot in the village. No, Pyramus must have taken it. Could Pyramus have been the man she saw boarding the car as she approached the ruins? He must have been. She had just time to signal the approaching car and pursue. What a crazy, wild goose chase! Suicide, the river, that old remark came into her mind but she dismissed them with a smile. However she walked through the car to the front platform explaining to the motor-man that she felt faint and wanted the fresh air.

As the car neared the bridge the sight of Pyramus as he turned and disappeared so absorbed her that

she stepped from the street car almost in front of a motor car that was coming up behind.

Pyramus instinctively rushed toward her but was halted by the gruff voice of the driver. "Daughter get in the back seat with that moon sick young calf and I'll take you home. This puppy love has cost me two reels of a darn good film.

The End

George B Massick
River Forest
Jan 19-1917

LOVE IS KEY TO LIFE

ITS MAGIC OPENS GOLDEN TREASURES.

There are some who think the absence of love to be a virtue, and who speak of "the crimes of love." But there can be no virtue that is not prompted by love; there is no vice that is not love's denial. Love is hot, and heat is life; it creates heaven. Hate is cold; it creates hell. Dante said hell is cold.

~~Only the impotent career at love.~~
Love is an art, not a science. We can be taught a science; we learn an art by trying.

In the realm of the highest life values we do not buy and sell; we give and receive. Love cannot be deserved.

There is no taste of death in the mouth like dead love.

When love dies we die; from then on until we are buried we only exist.

True love needs no management, it manages us.

Love excuses everything—among men. ~~Passion excuses everything—among brutes.~~

The highest love is a thing of destiny and has its origin somewhere in the stars. Love is the eye of the soul. Coldness is blind.

~~Though love is essential to life there is a hidden instinct in the heart of every man and woman to destroy it.~~

The only dangerous heretics are those who doubt love.

Only the wise can know; only the skilled can do; but the least and lowest can love as an archangel.

In love lies our common divinity.

~~One who loves me is my best priest.~~
As soon as a woman thinks herself less loved she makes herself less lovable.

~~It is singular that a woman is so charitable toward the man who would corrupt her, and so exacting toward the man who worships her.~~

The mind ever seeks perfect truth, the heart perfect love; and both quests lead beyond the grave.

God made the world for lovers; all others are intruders.

No man finds himself until he loves a woman.

There is no justice without love; no understanding without love; no growth without love.

It is impossible to have permanent human relations without love. Every law founded on self-interest is a curse. The ruin of capital is its lack of love. The labor movement will never succeed without love. National affairs must always result in destruction until they begin to recognize love, the love of races instead of their rivalries.

Love is the form which evolution takes with the appearance of mankind on earth.

"The Immortal Being manifests Himself in joy-form," say the sacred books of the east. Love is the supreme joy-form.

The soul of man is journeying from chaos to law; and the road is love.

FRANK CRANE.

[Copyright, 1917, by Frank Crane.]

And filled up History's pages?

The Kneeling Knight! Before the King!
Who dubbed him, "Sir" or "Mister"
The lady fair! Who sent him forth
To die - before he kissed her?

Her glove he kissed! Her hand perhaps-
Her hand she would not sever!
But tied him to her apron string-
A "dub" he'll be forever!

What is Love? Across the plains
You see Ulys - returning
Penelope still holds the shirt,
She has ten years been darning!

For love of woman - man has climbed
The pisa heights of Glory
And strangled lions in their dens,
With hands all red and gory!

The stone age man - with knobby club
Of't went for you - a wooing!
And bro't you back - with loving heart
A method worth pursuing!

In hail and heat - through stress and storm
We've fought for you together!
Above the Alps, among the clouds-
Across the dewy heather!

It's idle hand that action finds
So much to do - for humans-
Not so much among the seas-
But mostly - among the women!

"MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH!"

This book by H. G. Wells is one worthy of attention by all who are interested in the development of the "Ideal Nation".

The author has epitomized in Mr. Britling's experiences, the thought, the feelings, the rage and the grief of Great Britain in her death struggle against Prussian Militarism.

The absolute unnecessity and wastefulness of the war is made clear and a thoughtful introspective analysis is made of the British way of doing things.

A few very pointed comments are also thrown out toward this side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Britling is a thinker, a writer, an essayist, and he resides in a most delightfully sequestered little village in Essex called "Matchings Easy". His Social Unit consists of himself, his wife, a son of seventeen and two younger sons.

There are also a meticulous and very German Tutor, a rousing young Englishman, as Secretary, and a visitor from the United States called Mr. Direck. All of these men figure in the fortunes of War in one way or another.

The picture of life at "Matchings Easy" is a delightful one. The calm tranquility of things and the remoteness from anything like War typifies England's insularity and her tendency to think complacently that things will go on about as they always have, no matter what happens. Is it not more than a thousand years since an invading force entered England?

And have we not the largest Navy on the Seas? But the murderous Zepelins were soon to bring the war very near to Matchings Easy in the killing of an aged Aunt who had gone to the Coast.

Mr. Direck, the American in the story, is rather a lightweight. He is Secretary of the Massachusetts Modern Thought Society, and his mission is to engage Mr. Britling for lectures before that Society. He promptly falls in love with an English girl who is a visitor at Matchings Easy, and who is easily more than a match for him as to mental equipment. This is not very fair, on the part of the author, to the rest of us Americans, but the reader gets a distinct idea that it represents pretty accurately the typical Briton's evaluation of Americans in general.

Mr. Britling, being a typical Briton, and feeling the security of Briton geographically and also in a military sense, pooh-poohed the probability of a war with Germany and felt no need of preparation for such an emergency. He enjoyed to the full extent the Briton's habit of abusing his country incessantly and at the same time being proud of her.

England was slow to see the signs of the need of change in anything. Witness Woman's Suffrage and the Ulster trouble.

"We have grown up with no sense of danger, no sense of responsibility. No one really believes that life in England can change very fundamentally any more forever."

"At the time Mr. Britling was saying these words men in Bosnia were preparing a bag full of unstable chemicals which was destined" to change the whole map of Europe and change England's complacency into consternation.

For forty years Germany had been drilling and training her men in war and had been given but little attention by England. A generation had grown up which regarded Germany's attitude as an empty threat if indeed it was more than the obsession of a freakish brain. It seemed like a continuous dress parade and nothing more.

But watching her moment, Germany decided the time had come to try her steel.

"Great Britain seemed slipping steadily into civil war and strikes were frequent."

"Russia seemed to be in the crisis of a social revolution." "France was in a muddle of official scandal." Then came Austria's ultimatum to Serbia with threats of violence. "Austria could not withdraw her threats without admitting error and defeat. Russia could not desert Serbia without disgrace, Germany stood behind Austria. France was bound to Russia by a long confederacy of mutual support, and it was impossible for England to witness the destruction of France or the further strengthening of a ^{Loud} ~~band~~ and threatening evil." And so the war began.

"This isn't the sort of war that is settled by counting guns and rifles" says Mr. Britling, "something that has oppressed us all has become intolerable and has to be ended, and it will be ended."

"One extra shake of that foolish mailed fist in the face of America and she also will be in this war by our side."

"Germans understand nothing of the spirit of man; they do not dream for a moment of the devil of resentment this war will arouse." "We must smash or be smashed."

Mr. Direck, the American, pursues, at every opportunity, the business of making love to the charming Miss Corner. She gives him but scant encouragement - in fact, plainly tells him she prefers a man who has "done something", and twits him with not being at the front "supporting the cause of civilization". She finally piques him into joining a Canadian regiment, which he does, he frankly declares, "not for the cause of civilization" at all, but simply and solely to please Miss Corner. Nothing is said further of the fortunes of our American, and so he drops out of sight.

During the first months of the war something very near to panic was happening in staid old England. There was a rumor of a shortage of food and a rush on all provision stores. Financial conditions became very unsettled, banks were closed, and a moratorium was declared, all of which Mr. Britling sagely remarked, demonstrates the instability of stable things.

"After a brief period, however, the vast inertia of life in England began to assert itself, and things went on about as usual. About the only indications that anything unusual was happening were that the banks tendered gold and the newspapers adopted full width scare headlines." Going from panic to the other extreme, a common slogan was "Business as usual" and one waggish barber announced "Business as usual during alterations to the map of Europe."

In the meantime the war was being brought home to Mr. Britling. His German tutor had departed for the Fatherland. His son and his Secretary had gone to the front, the

first to be killed and the second to return without his left hand. The whole countryside of England was being converted into a rather poorly organized military camp.

There were conflicting reports from the front as to the success of the British arms and after the first shock of the German onslaught there was the retreat of the British for 25 miles. Things were not at all encouraging, and England slowly made up her mind she was in for a real war.

America was severely arraigned for not declaring herself against the Belgian outrage and for not supporting in some way, her great Sister Republic - if only for the memory of Lafayette.

Mr. Britling breaks forth in a tirade against the attitude of American toward the war. "You think you are out of it for good and all. So did we think. We were as smug as you are when France went down in '71. Yours is only one further degree of insularity. You think this vacuous aloofness of yours is a sort of moral superiority. So did we. It wont last you ten years if we go down.

For forty years the British fleet has guarded all America against European attack. Your Monroe Doctrine skulks behind it now. You are a nation of onlookers and you gamble on our winning.

You say you are too proud to fight, but your New York business men give away the show. In half the offices in New York there is a little card which tells of the real pacificism of America. You're busy. Trade is good, and so the card says "Nix on the war!"

Here is the whole fate of mankind at stake and America's contribution is a little grumbling when the Germans sink the Lusitania.

Mr. Britling goes on and in a kind of soliloquy expresses the British feeling in regard to the war. He gives a splendid characterization of war in these words: "The familiar scenery of life is thrust aside and War stands unveiled. I am the Fact said War, and I stand astride the path of Life. I am the threat of Death and Extinction that has always walked beside Life. There can be nothing else and nothing more in human life until you have reckoned with me".

And yet amid the "gloom of world bankruptcy he holds firmly to the prospect of better things". Never was the fabric of War so black, but never was the black fabric of war so threadbare. At a thousand points the light is shining through.

The book ends with a vision of a World Republic arising out of the rubbish of the ancient world when men shall recognize the ultimate dominion of Almighty God.

Stan

THE ALLIED BAZAAR

As a natural result of the European war there are as many groups of sympathizers in the United States as there are countries involved. These groups are, of course, divided, the sympathies of one division being given to the Central Powers, and the other to the Allied Nations.

The Allied Bazaar was designed to give financial support to the war sufferers of the Allied Nations, and especially as an expression of Chicago's appreciation to those nations for the sympathy and generosity extended to it at the time the city lay in ashes, in 1871, when nearly one million dollars was received from them.

By virtue of the many nations representing the cause of the Allies, a large number of independent movements for the raising of relief funds developed. As far back as August, 1916, it was suggested, in order to give a greater impetus to Chicago's sympathies to the war sufferers, to combine the effort to raise these separate funds in one big movement--a co-operative bazaar. Out of that suggestion, and the enthusiasm with which it was met, the undertaking to hold the Allied Bazaar arose.

To make the Bazaar a success required a guarantee fund of fifty thousand dollars for the purpose of meeting the advance expenses, and to pay for the goods which it was necessary to order months in advance.

The guarantors of this fund have not only contributed their money, but their personal interest and time, to insure the success of the enterprise.

In order that the purpose of the Bazaar, the raising of as much money as possible for each of the war relief funds represented be attained, every economy that it has ^{was} been possible to effect was observed. To this end many well-known people generously devoted their time and strength without receiving any compensation for their services.

As the same people who have given their time and money to make the Bazaar a success will have the distribution of the funds raised, every person patronizing the Bazaar may feel assured not only that there has been no waste in management, but that every cent that ^{was} ~~is~~ made at the Allied Bazaar through their attendance will go into war relief work.

As was anticipated the class of merchandise that was offered for sale at the Bazaar was as varied as the nations engaged in the war.

Goods were purchased direct from Russia, Italy, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and Belgium, many of the articles having been made by the soldiers in the trenches.

In addition to the foreign goods there were large quantities of American goods which the generosity of the American manufacturers contributed, free of charge, to the welfare of the undertaking.

I think the most interesting exhibit was the collections of war materials loaned by the French government. The combined weight of the articles was more than a hundred tons and they required nine large freight cars of various types to transport them to Chicago. They were carried in 117 large cases, thirty-four smaller ones and mammoth crates housing the aeroplanes which form ^{part} of the collection. It ^{was} ~~is~~ valued at \$900,000.

The exhibit was brought to the United States by one of France's most distinguished men, Marquis de Polignac. He is a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of France as well as one of the wealthiest. As a sergeant of the French aviation corps, Marquis de Polignac has achieved much fame and upon his return to France will rejoin his comrades in aerial warfare. His chief work with the aviation corps has been in range observation and reconnaissance work, both extremely hazardous occupations.

The French war exhibit included superb collection of paintings sketched on actual battle fields. Charles Davent, one of France's most noted war correspondents, went to the front as a private. He

was wounded and while convalescing managed to secure possession of some crayons and papers. To get proper "color" to his work, M. Duvent took more chances than an actual combatent. He risked his life countless times, often remaining outside the trenches to see what was transpiring. Some of his drawings were destroyed in the making before his eyes by German fire, but he miraculously escaped death. He finished the drawings in water color and they will be placed in a notable French art gallery after their exhibition here.

Everything pertaining to the war was in the exhibit. There were large guns used in field service to destroy armies, and there ^{are} still larger ones used to destroy forts and cities. There were aeroplanes of many types, including the one in which Kiffen Rockwell, the American aviator, used before he was killed. There was a German Taube, brought down on the coast by French warships.

There were aerial torpedoes as well as immense bronze torpedo used by the Germans in their submarines. Then another interesting part of the collection was composed of innumerable uniforms taken from every branch of the military service. Other uniforms worn by French soldiers from days before powder was known, through the Napoleonic era to the present time were also in the collection.

Then there were relics and trophies of all descriptions, also a steel helmet with a bullet hole through it, carrying a sinister and silent message from the battlefield where it was picked up. A relic that will carry an appeal to Americans ^{was} ~~is~~ the veteran ambulance donated by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Its shattered seat only too plainly tells of the death of its driver as he drove on his errand of mercy to remove wounded French soldiers from the battlefield. On its canvas sides still remains a faint red cross, and scrawled about it in pencil are many names--women's names, some Canadian, some American and French.

Another interesting war exhibit was the trench making by Captain Norman G. Thwaites, V.C. He supervised the construction

of war trenches made outside the Coliseum. The actual digging was done by Canadian soldiers back home on a furlough or invalid leave. The trenches were complete in every detail, as Captain Thwaites has not only served in them in France, but has constructed them there. With him was Captain Ian Hay Beith, noted the world over as an author. He was the official lecturer at the exhibition over which Captain Thwaites presided.

Each of the fifty booths represented one or more of the War Relief Funds in the countries of the Ten Allies. The Profit of the Bazaar will be divided among these.

Nearly every booth had for sale war relics which were converted into trinkets for various usage by blind and crippled soldiers.

Modern merchandise of every possible description was included in the general supply of goods which were donated to the various booths.

It was certainly a most wonderful bazaar. Not since Chicago entertained all the world nearly twenty-four years ago have we had such a cosmopolitan and numerous throng as that which surged through the Coliseum from one o'clock until nearly midnight each of the ten days, and although at least a million men, women, girls, boys and babies passed in and out of the Coliseum during the bazaar there were no accidents, except those of the most trivial nature. This was due in a great measure to the efficient service of the police and the firemen allotted to duty at the Coliseum. These departmentals contributed a worthy bit to the war sufferers by helping to make the huge philanthropy an unmarred memory.

With a chorus of 25,000 voices singing, "The Star Spangled Banner" The Allied Bazaar closed, and became a glorious memory, a memory of Chicago's contribution to war stricken Europe.

May We Money -

Kathryn Hamill -

111
Paris Jan. 11917 -

My dear Monsieur:

You ask me for *Les styles*, monsieur,
Ah! *ze fashion!* That is what you call my,
what er, my hobby, my "occupation." It is to
search, to be what you call *eagare* for *Le*
latest fashion for La Belle Americaine.

But *Le war*, *ze great war*, Oh! *feste!* Oh!
sacré de Blas! Oh! *Le Diable!* Oh! monsieur
what am I saying It is to *work* and not
to talk monsieur! *Nécessaire?* It makes
it *très difficile*, to think of the frivolous *house*,
ze lingerie, *ces chapeaux*. You would ^{ask} ~~the~~
it of me, what is *de rigueur* for *les dames*.
When *ze French woman* goes a-*visiting*, *listen*
monsieur I tell you what she takes. The silk
voile, the *cripe de chine*, the *chine silk*, ah!
they all go into tiny little, what you call *bundles*,
to go in the *travelling bag*. And then the *Louis XV*,
heels and *brilliant buckles* for the *dinner shoes*.

Oh! monsieur, I know not where to begin. There are so many things for the what you call feminine adornment. On the Promenade des Anglais at Nice, and on the terrace at Monte Carlo, there are the things you will see. The bright colored basque, handed down from our grandmothers is again in style. Only it is made of Criepeorgette and beaded, Oh! so beautiful monsieur, it makes your eyes stick out. Oui monsieur!

And all the silks, Oh! so very gay! and if you have plat purse, Oh! it makes you seek to look! First the lady makes herself a smart little bag of cubistic design, and then she makes sport skirt to match, just like impressionists. So very green, so very blue, so very rose, Oui. all mixed, and what you call trembling with color. Oui monsieur, and the skirt is no longer hanging straight all around like proper skirt, but dip up in front or up in back. Oui. a walking skirt in front, a reception gown in back!

And Monsieur Paquin, ze great dressmaker,
 he take yard of goods, he drape up and
 down, on American lady. Little madame
 ouelle, come in and asseest him. She
 tack it, here and there, It is finished
 and sent to hotel. \$1000, w he collect it
 quick and put it in his pockette, Oh! tres
 vite! Madame go home to America
 and snob around in Terre Haute, and
 every other demoiselle stare and make
 eyes and suffer! That is success! Monsieur,
 That is the great secret of good dressing.
 It is to make the other women wrap with
 what you call rage, monsieur!

It is to wear gauze when the other women
 are wearing flanellette, monsieur!

Now I will tell you what the Queen of Spain
 had made the other day. She walk as gracefully
 along the Riviera, in a gray silk jersey sport dress
 embroidered in silver thread! Floral design
 studded in with bits of steel. And Oh! her chapeau

monsieur! Of softest gray straw trimmed with
 a silver rose all studded with blue points of
 light like the sky at night! Surely every one
 must have a jersey dress this spring. Tell
 your ladies to have the jersey frock made of
 yellow like the daffodil, with black chapeau, or
 of la belle rose with gray chapeau, or old
 blue and silver.

But in la belle Spring I will send another
 letter and then we shall see what we shall see!
 Forgive me monsieur the very short letter with
 nothing at all in it. But I promise more next time.
 C'est toujours la guerre! Nothing but the soldiers
 everywhere, and they drive the fashions from
 my mind, Adieu, monsieur,
 Cecile—

The Opera.

During the opera season each production, be it a success or a failure, receives its portion of commendations or criticisms, not only for the author's treatment of the story but for its presentation by the singers. Little, however, is said about the composers of these operas.

While there is a wealth of material to be found relating to the well known masters of the earlier periods, information concerning the composers of today is comparatively meager. Since it is to these artists that we must look for a continuance of one of the noblest and most popular forms of musical art, a brief review of the personal history of a few of those with whose operas we are most familiar may prove interesting.

One of the first operas presented this season was Humperduck's "KoenigsKinder" or "The King's Children." Engelbert Humperduck is a German composer, critic and teacher. He was born at Siegburg in the Rhine Province, September first, 1854. He had intended architecture to be his life work, but was persuaded by Ferdinand Heller to take up music. He became a pupil of Heller at the Cologne Conservatory, and while there won the Frankfurt Mozart prize which enabled him to continue his studies at the Royal Music School of Munich. In 1878 he won the Mendelssohn prize in Berlin, and with this money he went to Italy. At Naples he became acquainted with Wagner, and there began that friendship and mutual interest which was to last till Wagner's death.

At Wagner's invitation Humperdinck assisted him at Bayreuth in the preparation for the first production of "Parsifal". He left Bayreuth, having won the Meyerbeer prize in 1881, travelled again in Italy France and Spain, settling for ten years at Barcelona, where he taught musical theory at the conservatory.

In 1887 he returned to Cologne, and after teaching for some years there and at Frankfurt, in 1896 the Kaiser created him a professor, and in 1900 he was called to Berlin as a member of the Academy of Fine Arts. Recently he received the title of Doctor, rarely accorded to musicians by German universities.

Humperdinck is of an extremely retiring disposition which his fame has only served to accentuate. He seems to be fond of children, as most of his operas were written for the amusement of youthful relatives at the family reunions.

His greatest work is "Hänsel und Gretel" which upon its appearance in 1893 immediately became world-famous. So great a success as "Hänsel und Gretel" won for itself, it would be difficult to repeat. But in his later opera, "Königskinder", the composer has proved that his musical powers are susceptible of growth without any loss in spontaneity or freshness. No writer in the history of opera has an individuality more distinct than that of Humperdinck. He may be said to begin the new romantic school of Germany. A more striking contrast to the rather lurid works of the Italian school of this time it would be difficult to imagine.

Humperdinck uses as his subjects the simple and poetic German fairy tales, and the musical setting strongly recalling the German folk song, is delightfully refreshing, and is destined to live thro the ages.

captivating the music lovers of the future as completely as those of today.

Verdi, that popular master of Italian opera, chose as his successor Giacomo Puccini, who had not at that time achieved his present fame, but who during the last decade has come to the front in decisive manner. We know him best thro "La Boheme" "La Tosca" and "Madam Butterfly", that beautiful production which charms all opera lovers with its exquisite melody, its purity of style, and its wonderful descriptive passages.

Born in December, 1858, Puccini received his first musical instruction in his native city, Lucca and later entered the Milan Conservatory. His talent attracted the notice of Queen Margherita who granted him a pension, thus permitting him to continue his studies. His first attempt at composition was his "Sinfonia Capriccio", which was so well received by the public that he attempted "Le Villi", which was first produced at Milan in 1884. "Manon Lescault" was his next opera, produced in Turin in 1893 and later at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, January 25, 1908, on which occasion Puccini made his first visit to the United States. Shortly after this followed the operas already named. "The Girl of the Golden West" received its premiere under the personal supervision of the composer at the Metropolitan Opera House December 10, 1910. His new opera "La Rondine" (The Swallow) will be sung for the first time at Monte Carlo in March.

In private life Puccini is a great book worm and an ardent lover of sports and outdoor life. On the borders of a lake, in the midst of great lovely woods, surrounded by a country beautiful with all the loveliness of uncultivated nature, Puccini has built

himself a retreat. Here it is that those exquisite operas are created, and here Puccini spends the happiest hours of his life.

Puccini's contemporary, Ruggero Leoncavallo, was born in Naples in March, 1858. Studying first at Naples he entered the Conservatory as a day scholar at the age of eight. Later he completed his studies at the University. He began his musical career as concert pianist by playing at the court in Egypt. Being driven out of Egypt by war, he escaped to Paris, where in the depths of want he was forced to become accompanist in cafe concerts. His talent soon enabled him to leave the cafes, and he obtained pupils in singing. He went to Milan with his libretto of "Medea", the first section of a vast trilogy dealing with the Renaissance period in Italy. This was accepted, but its production was delayed and Leoncavallo was obliged to resume teaching. Disliking the task he desperately set to work on the words and music of "Pagliacci", which was completed in five months, and was accepted and produced in Milan in 1892. It is of interest to read that the story of this opera was based on an incident in Leoncavallo's own life. When a child under the care of a peasant, Silvio, a travelling troupe came to the city led by one Canio, accompanied by his beautiful wife, Nedda. Silvio and the wife plotted to elope. This the husband discovered, and in a fit of jealous rage, killed both. This occurrence made a profound and never to be forgotten impression on the boy. The action in this opera is condensed and picturesque, and one is impressed with the striking originality of the production.

Other operas are Chatterton, Trüby and Zaza. His opera "Der Roland," was written in response to a commission from the German Emperor, who believed that in the composer of "Medici" he had found a musician worthy to celebrate the mighty deeds of the Hohenstaufens. "Der Roland" was produced in a German version at Berlin in 1904, but in spite of Court patronage, failed completely.

One of the most popular composers of today is Gianmario Wolf-Ferraro, of German-Italian ancestry. It has required long waiting and a well developed sense of patience to bring him upward, but his delayed aim has been reached in one great stride which places his operas on the boards of the greatest opera houses of the world. His first opera, "Cinderella" was a complete failure on its premiere in Venice. Tho his name was a familiar one to musicians, Wolf Ferraro first became known ^{in New York} generally with the production of "Vita Nuova", an inspired setting of some sonnets of Dante, and presently thro that charming trifle, "The Secret of Suzanne", sung in 1910 at the Metropolitan of New York, where later both "La Döñne Curieuse" and "The Jewels of the Madonna" were given. The composer's presence at these performances lent a note of intimate interest. At first in his work Germany found him too Italian - Italy too German - which would seem to prove that he has struck the combination of a happy medium between the two. A rather humorous trait of his dual nationality is that he no sooner reaches Italy than he wants to go back to Germany, where in turn he longs for Italy. Of this dual development in his music he said: "I love the beautiful in both, and have tried to make them one." He also said: "When I write my own opera text, words and music come into my mind together, not in full detail as in the score later completed,

but the principal movements when I begin to orchestrate I have no idea of the number of instruments required. Always I seek new types as subjects upon the type, to my way of thinking, depends the size of the orchestra as much as does the general treatment. "Donne Curiose" in its lightness and gaiety needs but a small orchestra and requires but two hours in performance. "The Jewels of the Madonna" is an opposite work; it holds the joyous, but it also holds the strongly tragic, a wider scope requiring a greater number of instruments. The individual character must live in the orchestra exactly in proportion to its type. There is a noted range in the variety of Wolf Ferraris compositions. With him intellectuality is as strongly present as his musical gift.

An opera heard in Chicago this winter for the first time is "Francesca da Rimini", written by Riccardo Jandouai to the text of Gabriele d'Annunzio's tragedy of the same name. This young composer was born of humble parents at Sacco, ~~Trentino~~, in 1883. In 1899 he entered the Rossini Conservatory at Pesaro. Jandouai made a success of his studies, and during the third year he won the composition prize with a symphonic poem: "Il Ritordi Odisseo". With Jandouai as with all youthful composers, the stage was the goal to be attained, and he set out upon the path which he hoped would lead him to great fame. He obtained a libretto on the subject of Dickens' tale "The Cricket on the Hearth", and brought it out at Turin in 1908. With this the first milestone in the road to fame was won, for the production was a success. Next came "Conchita", produced in Chicago in 1913. While this opera was not considered a masterpiece, it gave evidence that Jandouai

had no little talent for composing dramatic music! This promise is partly fulfilled in Francesca. While the composer shows a fine instinct for dramatic situations and a refined imagination, he still lacks a definite melodic flow, and a gift for that lyricism which appeals to the more quiet and thoughtful moods. With all its shortcomings, however, Francesca is an important addition to the world of opera, and places Gaudonius with the prominent composers of today.

In the contemplation of modern opera one is impressed with the fact that the same principle is manifest in all countries today. Almost invariably the tragic life of the common people is taken as a theme for opera. This is true not only of the works of Puccini, Leoncavallo, Tosti, Ferraro and Gaudonius, but of other present day composers who are musical realists, and whose future contributions to operatic art the public eagerly awaits.

Five Minutes With The Department of Health/

A five minute description of the municipal health service is about as satisfactory as the 38 cent per capita appropriation, which the windy city annually makes for its department of sanitation and hygiene, totally inadequate. Even ~~the~~^{the} meager appropriation is threatened with a cut by the wise (?) city fathers of the Finance Committee in a fit of false economy. New York has over 60 cents per capita devoted to similar work, and Buffalo ^{or} a dollar per capita/

The present attack, which the newspapers have made public, upon the size of the budget is a measure of political piracy against Captain Large William and his chief officers of the Good Ship Chicago, asail upon troublous waters. Hostile aeroplanes, hot air merchants, roar incessantly, they buzz aloft and drop their bombs, and of late a frequent cry is heard aboard, "Submarine A'Hoyne".

Parenthetically the financial system under which our city government operates is about as business like as the average foreign missionary society or church; spend the money and contract debts against funds not in sight and draw upon the future is the system. But there is ~~the~~ difference, the philanthropies of religion trust in God and raise the needed revenue at a banquet, where expert "NEWELLS" ^{as from the mislance} are discreetly mixed with the menu of soup, salad and sardines, with the certainty that when the stomach of wealth is full its sympathy can be captured and its pocket picked with impunity.

The city, on the other hand, hires a hoard of so-called traction and other experts, ^{at princely salaries} mostly lawyers, for political value received at election, and to foot the bill, it trusts in another bond issue.

So it goes, the party of the outs is at outs with the ins and the factions of the ins are at outs with themselves, each trying to get one more foot inside the trough. Meanwhile the voters forget to register, anything but kicks, they read their yellow journals at the breakfast table, court influence ^{through which} decide to side-step taxes and escape the red badge of quarantine, if they can.

Now this is not really pessimistic; it is merely an appreciation of the situation, ^{which} ~~It~~ is hereditary perhaps, for the city is the one

notorious, conspicuous example of democratic failure in ~~self~~ government. It is hereditary because the first recorded planner and builder of the first recorded city was none other than the first recorded murderer, Cain, the print of whose bloody hand has been upon all cities ever since. I speak of the Chicago Department of Health (having not yet started upon my five minutes) from an experience of a year and a half in it as Director of Publicity & Education. This work has been carried on while pursuing my own special private business, giving the city the regulation seven hour day in addition. It has been an illuminating experience, but one which meant the burning of the candle at both ends. It has been done at a ^{personal} sacrifice and only intended as a temporary experiment. We are, therefore, not personally interested in the maintenance of this job; but are highly concerned as to whether the Department of Health is to be crippled *in the budget making of 1917.*

Few people know that this Department is located upon the seventh floor of the City Hall, occupying the whole LaSalle Street front, as well as the Washington Street, Randolph Street side of the city's half of the block. Few people know that it employs some 700 individuals, not including those of the Garbage Division. Few people know that its work is handled by six bureaus, each reporting to the Commissioner and co-operating with all the others, namely: Bureau of Medical Inspection, Heman Spalding, Chief; Vital Statistics, Dr. Heckard, Chief; Sanitation, Chas/ Ball, Chief; Laboratory, Dr. Tonney, Chief; Food Inspection, Dr. Stokes, Chief; Hospitals, Dr. Murrya, Chief, and a Publicity Division with its director under supervision of the Secretary, Mr/ Pritchard, for nearly twenty years an efficient public servant in the Department. Few people, however, do not know that Dr. John Dill Robertson is Commissioner of Health. He is the best publicity man the Department has ever had, a dynamo of energy, a diplomat in bringing warring elements together, a business man of long experience, an executive of rare ability.

Suppose we were to abolish the Health Department and save the million and a quarter or thereabouts, which is annually devoted to its

fight against disease and death, what would happen? Dozens of ordinances conserving the comfort and health of our people would suddenly fail of ~~importance~~ ^{enforcement} and the city would become a pest hole, dangerous to live in. Property would deteriorate, business languish, the undertaker wax rich and the population very likely decrease instead of increase 50,000 a year. Typhoid would become rampant; instead of killing only 129 people as it did in 1916, the lowest rate in our history. Diphtheria, scarlet fever, smallpox would become widely epidemic, instead of recording the lowest death rate during the ~~last~~ two years for a five year period, and the whole country for a thousand miles around would feel the contaminating result. Tuberculosis with 3,736 deaths last year, the lowest rate ^{in the history of the city,} ~~XXXXXX191X~~, would slay many thousands, and the cemetery would out-area our public parks.

Without an arguside health organization on the job, every woman in a flat would beat her rugs under the nose of her neighbor, against the law. Nuisances would cumber the highways and byways, so that not even a Ford could run. Noxious matter would accumulate and dead animals multiply upon open spaces. Garbage and rubbish and refuse of every sort would pile up to the joy of disease breeding fly and heinous rat. Building congestions is bad enough at best in the city, but if selfishness and ignorance were given a free hand for a single year, sanitary conditions would slip one hundred years into the plague ridden chaos of the past.

There are 275,-000 gallons of milk delivered in Chicago every day from four states, including about 15,000 farms. This arrives over 25 railroads to 85 platforms. It is distributed to the consumers by 3,375 milk wagons, working out of 900 depots, 300 of which are pasteurizing plants. This supply comes from about 500,000 cows in Illinois, say a million cows all told.

Imagine, if you can, what would happen to the babies, 60,000 of whom are born in Chicago every year, to say nothing of mere adults, if the machinery of milk inspection and control were stopped and this food were consigned to tens of thousands of dirtier and more unregulated hands on its way from cow to infant. The records of the Municipal

Laboratory could prophesy the resulting funeral procession in an unbroken line from the rising to the setting of the sun. ~~Space will not permit~~

Space will not permit further details of the work performed by the bureaus of this great Department. Their chiefs are men of intelligence and training; conscientious, hard working and hard worked. The people cannot rightly estimate the value of their service without a knowledge of the problems which they daily solve. It may be said in passing, that though Civil Service is in force for selection of employees, there is an ever annual recurring disturbance to the efficiency of the whole force under the system of budget making which is in vogue. While the great business houses are distributing bonuses and raising salaries of their faithful workers and otherwise looking after their security and comfort of their positions, the employees of the Department of Health are every year threatened with enforced leaves of absence or other measures of retrenchment.

In conclusion, we may refer briefly to the function and need of a Department Division of Publicity & Education. The fight against all the preventable diseases depends upon accurate knowledge of their causes, efficient machinery of public health administration, and publicity to teach the people how to avoid them. If people do not know what dangers threaten, how can they avoid them? How shall they know, except through publicity and education?

If people do not know, for example, that typhoid fever is largely a food and water borne disease and that every case of typhoid is a serious menace to the whole community, until it has recovered and been found by microscopic tests to be free from typhoid germs; if people do not understand why strict isolation of such patients, efficient quarantine, is the only way to prevent its spread to healthy individuals; if people do not comprehend that real cleanliness in typhoid fever means the destruction of all the typhoid germs that are given off by the patient; if they do not know that it is dangerous for nurses to attend typhoid patients in a hospital, or anywhere else, and at the same time care for other patients; if the poor families and those with little education cannot get these and other facts, vital to the health of their

own households, and therefore, vital to the community, how can public health officials get the co-operation that springs from knowledge?

The same question applies to diphtheria, scarlet fever, smallpox, tuberculosis and other contagions/. In all of these diseases early diagnosis is the key to their control? Prompt report, effective isolation and efficient medical care is the rest of the story.

It is, therefore, plain enough that publicity through a wide use of printer's ink; through the co-operation of the press in all languages; through lantern slide demonstrations, lectures and moving pictures; through health exhibits, charts and mechanical devices, is of greatest importance in the education of the public/. By means also of weekly and monthly and special issues of bulletins and magazines, published by the Health Department, and by educational campaigns during special days and weeks, appointed by the Health Commissioner, our citizens come to know the facts.

All such means of publicity count upon churches and schools and social centers; of clubs and associations, social, commercial, educational and philanthropical, to spread the truth. This is the function of publicity and education. In other words, as Dr. Robertson, Commissioner of Health of Chicago, has repeatedly said. "Sixty per cent/ of the efficiency of a Health Department depends upon publicity and education."

How short-sighted then, the so-called economy suggestion of budget makers to abolish the Health Department's Division of Education & Publicity? If this is good business, the commercial houses should lap off their advertising departments and quit trying to educate the public as to the value of their services and wears.

Justice, blinded, would be as useful as public health service gagged.

To silence the voice of hygiene and sanitation, empty its ink well and break its pen, is equivalent to sounding a retreat of the army, which guards the health of our citizens. As well, spike the guns of our armies as to silence the bugles and the drums, and tear up the banners and the flags/

The Heart of the City

BY ARTHUR M. CORWIN, A. M., M. D.

Here flats and bee-hive buildings tall,
Congested stand with wall to wall,
And rear their selfish, upright piles
In serried ranks for miles on miles,
In the heart of the city.

Here antiseptic sunlight smiles
But briefly through the narrow aisles,
For land-worth's economic eye
Has little ken for sun and sky,
In the heart of the city.

Where waved the fertile prairie's green,
Here mounds of brick and steel are seen,
Gray, hard and somber and austere,
With ne'er a blade or bloom to cheer,
In the heart of the city.

Deep in these canyoned streets of trade,
What multi-million feet have made
Their weary way through strife untold,
To reach, perchance a pot of gold,
In the heart of the city.

For sooth, what counts material gain,
Bought by such toll of toil and pain,
'Mid noise and speed and crime that kills,
'Mid germs and dirt and other ills,
In the heart of the city?

In sooth, good sir, our pay we find,
In love we bear to human kind;
Large are our sympathies and joys,
When folks are near with all their noise,
In the heart of the city.

Let him who will our foodstuff raise,
And watch his fattening cattle graze,
Far from the heart of the city;
We would not stay when wide we roam;
The city's our beloved home;
We are the heart of the city!

IDLE THOUGHTS OF ANOTHER FELLOW (NO. 5)

The Other Fellow, sometimes called the Near Poet, was sitting calmly at home a few evenings ago, peacefully studying the lesson he expected to spring on his defenceless Sunday School class the next Sabbath, while the pride of his life was at the Grand Opera. Suddenly that disturber of rest and pest of modern life, the telephone bell, rang.

Thinking, of course, that it was some one wishing to converse with the head of the house, the Other Fellow grabbed the receiver and started to say, "Mrs Parks is having an evening out", when he became mildly interested at noting that it was a pleasant female voice at the other end of the wire. This statement does not imply, of course, that all female voices are not pleasant. The Other Fellow knows his place too, well to make any such assertion. Well, it developed that one of the Editorines of the Phi Sigma voice was on the 'phone.

Now you are asking, "What in the world is an editorine?" Well the word is of doubtful etymology. One might think it came from edible and tureen and meant a receptacle for eatables. Phi Sigman does live well.

Or, taking with it the words "Phi Sigma Voice", one might think it was a receptacle for words, like some sort of a graphophone in which the wisdom of the utterances of Phi Sigma for thirty years past was preserved, only waiting for the can opener to again permit the words to hurtle on the waves of sound through the circum ambient air, till the soundless waves should be again turned into living sound by being projected against the tympanums of this 1917 model of phi Sigma audiences.

In this case the Editorine proved to be indeed a voice, a voice of one crying in the wilderness, crying for victims who should write articles for our annual publication. Having thus set your minds at rest as to what an Editorine really is, let us go on with the story.

This Editorine was Mrs Brady who spoke to the Other Fellow over the wire and told ~~xxx~~ him that Mrs Schneider, who it seemed was the chiefest Editorine, had escaped to Florida but before going had told Mrs Brady, who is a sort of sub-assistant Editorine that the Other Fellow was down to write a funny story. Who put him down or how far down he was, did not seem to be clear. The Other Fellow protested that he could no more

write a funny story than he could make a public prayer, though he had sometimes been thought to be funny when he was making a serious statement.

In that respect he was in the same category with his brothers Hamel, Corwin, and Newell each of whom was more serious than he seemed, and like unto them, the Other Fellow's talks were, like classical music, "better than they sounded."

Then the Brady Editorine said that he had to write something anyway and if all subjects failed, he might write on the weather. Vainly did the Other Fellow protest that he knew nothing about the weather, had never seen any in Chicago worthy of having anything good said about it, and that he had been taught at his Mother's knee that when you can say nothing good of anything to say nothing at all. But Alas! Protest was in vain. The Editorine even went so far as to threaten to ring off if the Other Fellow proved obstreperous. And remember who was talking and that the Other Fellow was alone in the house with his wife away at the Grand Opera! What could he do?

What fortune wills, man must needs abide,
T'is bootless to resist both wind and tide.

Besides:- Mrs Brady, the Editorine,
Threatened to make a great scene,
Unless notes on the weather
Were gotten together,
To be read at the yearly convene.

The Other Fellow has lived thirty years in Chicago. That makes 10950 days without allowing anything for leap years. During this period the Other Fellow has experienced 10950 kinds of weather. This is too large a number for even the proficient health department, of which Dr Corwin is a shining star, to catalog and describe in one evening.

The Other Fellow has often wondered why this particular part of the world should be called the North Temperate Zone. It would seem as though the term intemperate zone would be more accurately descriptive.

The Allens could stand it no longer but have gone to Cleveland where Lon expects to find the business of "steal-ing wire" very profitable. May his long distance never be witeless!

But to get back to the weather. It may be roughly divided into four classes, corresponding with the seasons. Sometimes, however, much confusion arises owing to winter lingering in the lap of Spring, and other irregularities. The weather man has invented a form of prognostication that generally comes out about right. It runs as follows:-

"For Chicago, Northern Illinois and Oak Park for the 36 hours ending

Ad. Section - Page 3.

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THE FIRE KING

Adapted from "The Nurnberg Stove".
Louise de la Ramee

I. Home of Karl Strehla

In the little town of Hall in Austria there lived a few years ago a boy by the name of August Strehla. He had rosy cheeks and hazel eyes and nut-brown hair. His mother was dead, and his father was very poor. There were other children in the home and the winters were long and cold so that it was hard to fill all the hungry mouths.

August was walking home one terribly cold night, carrying a jug with his numb red hands. He kept saying over and over to cheer himself, "Soon I shall be home with dear Hirschvogel."

At last he came to his father's house. At his knock, the solid oak door flew open, and the boy darted in and shouted, "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, but for the thought of you I should have died!"

It was a large barren room into which he rushed with so much pleasure, and the bricks were bare and uneven; but at the center of the room was a tower of porcelain, bright with all the colors of a king's peacock and a queen's jewels, and trimmed with armed figures, and shields, and flowers, and a great golden crown at the top of all.

It was a stove of 1532, and on it were the letters H. R. H., for it was the work of the great potter of Nurnberg, Augustin Hirschvogel. The stove no doubt had stood in palaces and been made for princes. Yet perhaps it had never been more useful than it was now in this poor room, sending down heat and comfort into the troop of children tumbled on a wolf-skin at its feet, who received frozen August among them with loud shouts of joy. "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, I am so cold, so cold!" said August. "Is father not in, Dorothea?"

Dorothea was a girl of seventeen, the eldest of the Strehla family, and there were six of them in all.

"Father says we are never to wait for him," answered Dorothea. "We will have supper, now you have come home, August."

Supper was a huge bowl of soup, with big slices of brown bread swimming in it and some onions bobbing up and down. The bowl was soon emptied by six wooden spoons, and the little ones got August down on the old worn wolf-skin and begged him for a picture, for August was the artist of the family.

He had a piece of planed board that his father had given him, and some sticks of charcoal, and he would draw a hundred things he had seen in the day--faces and dogs' heads, and men in sledges and old women in their furs, and pine-trees, and roosters and hens, and all sorts of animals. It was all very rough for there was no one to teach him anything. But it was all life-like, and kept the whole troop of children shrieking with laughter, or watching with wide-open eyes. To-night August drew for them the great dragon on the stove.

The stove was called Hirschvogel in the family, as if it were a living creature, and little August was very proud because he had been named after the famous man who had made so great a thing. All the children loved the stove, but August adored it. He used to say often, "When I am a man, I will make just such things too, and then I will set Hirschvogel in a beautiful

room. That is what I will do when I am a man."

In the midst of the laughter and chatter a blast of frozen air and a spray of driven snow struck like ice through the room. It was the door which had opened and let in the cold; it was their father who had come home.

The younger children ran joyously to meet him. Dorothea pushed the one wooden arm-chair of the room to the stove, and August flew to fill the long clay pipe, for the father was good to them all. To-night, however, he seemed very weary and did not notice the pipe as he sank in the arm-chair.

"Take the children to bed," he said suddenly, and Dorothea obeyed. August stayed behind curled up by the stove.

After Dorothea came down from putting the little ones to bed there was a long silence. August dropped asleep; Dorothea's spinning wheel hummed like a cat. Suddenly the father struck his hand on the table.

"I have sold Hirschvogel," he said, and his voice was husky.

August sprang erect out of his sleep. "Sold Hirschvogel!" he cried.

"I have sold Hirschvogel!" said Karl Strehla, in the same husky voice. "I have sold it to a traveling trader for two hundred florins. What would you? I owe double that. He saw it this morning when you were all out. He will pack it and take it to Munich to-night.

August stood, staring with dazed eyes. "It is not true! It is not true!" he muttered. "You are jesting, father?"

Strehla broke into a dreary laugh. "It is true. Would you like to know what is true too?--that the bread you eat, and the meat you put in this pot, and the roof you have over your heads, are none of them paid for, have been none of them paid for for months and months. Two hundred florins, that is something. It will keep me out of prison for a little, and that is where I will soon be if I don't pay my debts."

August gave a shrill shriek and threw himself on his knees at his father's feet. "Oh, father, father," he cried, "you can not mean what you say? Send it away--our sun? We shall all die in the dark and the cold. Sell me rather. Sell me to any trade you like; I will not mind. But sell Hirschvogel!--oh, never! never! never! Give the florins back to the man."

Strehla spoke harshly, "August, get up and go to bed. The stove is sold. There is no more to be said. Be thankful I can get bread for you."

August threw his hair back from his face; his great soft eyes flamed with anger:

"You dare not! you dare not sell it, I say! It is not yours alone; it is ours--"

Strehla staggered to his feet and stumbled out of the room with a cloud before his eyes.

"Oh, August," said Dorothea, "why did you speak so to our father? It was very wrong!"

"No, I was right," said August. "It is not his alone. It belongs to us all. It is as much yours and mine as it is his."

"Please come to bed, dear August," whispered Dorothea. "In the morning you will be calmer."

"No! I shall stay here."

"Here! all night!"

"Until they take away the stove."

"But it is cold! The fire is out."

"It will never be warm any more in our house."

At last Dorothea had to give up and leave, and August stayed by the stove.

After a while an old neighbor hobbled in the house, to ask for a candle. Seeing the boy, she said to him--

"Child, is it true that your father is selling the big painted stove?"

August nodded his head. "Well, for sure he is foolish, for the stove is worth a mint of money."

"I don't care what its value is," cried August. "I love it! I love it!"

"If I were you," said the old woman, "I would do better than mourn for it. I would go after it. The world is a small place, and whoever gets your stove will take good care of it. When you are bigger, you can go after it. There, there, you will see your stove again some day."

Then the old woman hobbled away with the candle. August remained leaning against the stove. The old woman had given him an idea. "Go after it," she had said. "Why not go with it?" August thought. He filled his pockets with rolls and sausages from the cupboard; and clambered into the big stove. He was safely hidden when the dealers came to pack it and take it away.

So it happened that when the goods-train moved out of Hall in the morning August was on it, hidden inside the stove. No doubt he was very naughty, but it never occurred to him that he was. His whole mind was absorbed in one entrancing idea, to follow his beloved friend and fire-king. And perhaps he could earn 200 florins and buy the stove again and bring it back to his father.

II THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Goods-trains are usually very slow. The one that carried the big stove was swifter than most for it was bearing goods to the king. Still it took all the short winter's day and the long winter's night and half another day to go to Munich.

Happily for August, the thick wrappings in which the stove was enveloped and the stoutness of his own coat screened him from the cold. He began to get used to his prison. In the dark he remembered all the stories he had ever heard, and he told them over and over again. When he grew hungry, he would eat a little of the loaf and the sausage. After a very long time the train stopped. Munich was reached and August felt himself carried on the shoulders of stout men, rolled along on a truck and finally set down, where, he knew not, only he knew that he was thirsty--so thirsty! If only he could have reached his hand out and scooped up a little snow!

Although he knew it not, he was really in a small dark curiosity shop. He heard a key grate in a lock, and by the unbroken silence which followed he concluded that he was alone and ventured to peep through the straw and hay. What he saw was a small square room filled with every sort of quaint and curious thing--pans and pictures, jugs and pots, shields and daggers, china and rugs.

Presently he heard heavy footsteps and the voice of a man said, "Ay, ay, you have called me a fool many times. Now you shall see what I have got for two hundred florins."

The other voice grumbled, and the steps of the two men approached more closely. Soon they had stripped the stove of its wrappings, and August knew by the exclamations that the man had never seen such a sight and was filled with wonder and surprise.

"A right royal thing!" he cried. "A wonderful thing! Grander than the great stove of Salzburg. Sublime! magnificent!"

August listened and trembled lest they should open the door and discover him. He heard them talking of great sums of money, and again and again the name of the king was mentioned. Finally they left the room, locking the door carefully after them. August gathered the idea that they had gone after the minister of the King.

He opened the door of the stove, and began to look about the little shop. It seemed a wonderful place to him, but oh! was there one drop of water in it all? His tongue was parched, and his throat felt on fire. He could find no water, but there was a little window and a wide stone ledge covered with snow. August ran and opened the window, and crammed the snow into his mouth again and again.

When his thirst was satisfied, he looked more closely at the strange figures in the shop. The journey had been very long, and August was tired and a bit dizzy. It seemed to him that the porcelain figures were all bowing and smiling at him; and soon they began to sing and dance and chatter. The porcelain clown played with his ball; and the stone dog barked at the china cat.

In the midst of this merry uproar, a great stamping was heard outside. All the noise and chatter ceased, and August knew that he was alone, and that his friends after all were only china and porcelain and stone.

"Oh, Hirschvogel, save me!" he cried; and he flew back to the stove, and shut himself again inside.

The door opened sharply. He could hear the two men talking to a third to whom they gave many fine titles. The voice of this third person answered curtly until he drew near the stove when he murmured the single word, "Wonderful!" and was silent in admiration.

"It must have been made for the Emperor," he said at last. Poor little August meanwhile was huddled up into nothing inside the stove, dreading that every moment the man would open the door. The King's minister talked long and low with the tradesmen. August could understand little he said except that he mentioned the king several times. After a while he went away and the two dealers began to wrap up the stove again in all its straw and hay. It never once occurred to them to look inside.

Presently they called up six porters and on the shoulders of these August was gently borne inside his precious Hirschvogel. They went right across Munich to the railway station. August in the dark recognized all the jangling, pounding, roaring, hissing sounds and thought, "Will it be a very long journey?" The slow journey was accomplished at last, and the porters shouldered grumbling their huge burden of the stove.

Their way was a mile and a half, and the road was heavy with snow; but at length they seemed to be mounting stairs. At last the stove was set down again, and the steps seemed to go away, leaving August with Hirschvogel.

III THE ROYAL PALACE.

From afar off there came sweet music, so much richer than August had heard before that he thought a chorus of angels must be singing. He did not know that he was in the royal palace of Berg.

Presently he heard a step behind him and a low voice say, "So!" An exclamation he thought, of wonder at the beauty of Hirschvogel.

Then the same voice after a long pause said, "It was well bought; it is exceedingly beautiful! It is most undoubtedly the work of Augustin Hirschvogel."

The hand of the speaker turned the round handle of the door. Slowly the big door opened, some one stooped down and looked in, and the same voice called out in surprise, "What is this inside? A live child!"

Then August, terrified, sprang out and fell at the feet of the speaker. "Oh, let me stay! Pray, let me stay!" he cried. "I have come all the way with Hirschvogel."

"My child," said the man, "how came you here, hidden in this stove? Be not afraid. Tell me the truth. I am the king."

August was so glad that it was the king. Kings were always kind, he thought.

"Oh, dear King!" he said. "Hirschvogel was ours, and we have loved it all our lives; and Father sold it. And when I saw that it really did go from us, then I said to myself that I would go with it. And I do pray you to let me live with it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it."

"What is your name?" the king asked him.

"I am August Strehla. My father is Karl Strehla. We live in Hall; and Hirschvogel has been ours very long."

"And have you truly traveled inside the stove all the way from Hall?"

"Yes," said August, "no one thought to look inside until you did."

"Who bought the stove of your father?" the king asked.

"Traders of Munich," said August, "for two hundred florins. It was so much money, and he is so poor, and there are so many of us."

The king turned to his gentlemen-in-waiting. "Get the dealers from Munich," he said.

"May I stay with Hirschvogel? may I stay?" August pleaded.

"Wait a little," said the king. "What do you wish to be when you are a man?"

"A painter. I wish to be what Hirschvogel was--I mean the master Hirschvogel who made my stove."

"I understand," said the king.

Then the two dealers were brought in to the king's presence. They were terribly alarmed. "Did you buy this stove of this little boy's father for two hundred florins?" the king asked them.

"Yes, Your Majesty," murmured the trembling traders.

"And how much did the gentleman who purchased it for me give to you?"

"Two thousand ducats, Your Majesty," muttered the dealers.

"You will give at once to this boy's father the two thousand ducats that you received less the two hundred florins that you paid him," said the king. "You are good rogues. Be thankful that you are not more severely punished."

August heard and felt dazzled. Two thousand gold ducats for his father! Why,

his father would never need to go any more ~~to~~ to the salt-baking! And yet whether for ducats or for florins, Hirschvogel was sold just the same, and would the king let him stay with it? Would he?

"Oh, do! oh, please do!" he cried, kneeling down to the king.

"Rise up, my little man," the king said in a kind voice; "Will I let you stay with your Hirschvogel? Yes, I will; you shall stay at my court and you shall be taught to be a painter, and if when you are twenty-one years old you have done well and bravely, then I will give you your stove. And meantime you shall light a fire every morning in Hirschvogel, but you will not need to go out and cut the wood."

August is only a student yet, but he is a happy student, and promises to be a great man. Sometimes he goes back for a few days at Hall, where the gold ducats have made his father prosperous. In the old house-room there is a large white porcelain stove of Munich, the King's gift to Dorothea and the children.

Advertising Section - Page 4

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